A Different History

My parents' time,
with the cars so
black and square,

like huge stoves.
Did my mother wear
a flapper dress? I

think not, but neared
  it coyly, some-
how, my father got her

into the speaks. And they
danced to ragtime, drank
and smoked. At parties, gin

  is made in bathtubs
  and revelers chip in,

  paying this or that
one's rent. Crooners crack

    their voices, and
        hearts fill.